THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE IMMANENT GOD.

Thou life within my life, thou self more near,
Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear,
From all my nameless weariness I flee
To find my center and my rest in thee.

Take part with me against the doubts that rise,
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self, that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares.

How can I call thee who art always here?
How can I praise thee, thou of all most dear?
What may I give thee, save what thou hast given?
And whom but thee have I in earth and heaven?

Eliza Scudder.

Pacific Theo
Seminar
Berkeley

THE PACIFIC

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A SIGNIFICANT MEETING.

The Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, which was held in the chapel of Pacific Theological Seminary this week, was regarded by all in attendance as the most helpful meeting which has been held in many years.

President Nash had charge of the meeting, the whole arrangement for and conduct of the same having been given over to the Seminary for that day.

Although several persons had been asked to present certain lines of thought sometime during the day, there was no fixed program, and the meeting was allowed at times to take its own course.

As announced in The Pacific last week, it was one for meditation and for conference on Prayer to the end that they who have the work of the gospel ministry in our churches might be helped with respect thereto and thus be better prepared for the leadership to which they are called.

The thought which was deeply impressed last Monday was that there is much in the Life in God to be attained to here and now of which Christians in general have no conception. How is this to be realized? How attained?

President Nash spoke of the changed and changing ideas of prayer; of the increasing difficulty in using satisfactorily the old phraseology, remarking in way of illustration that he could not sing with the same spirit as he once sang it, "Nearer My God to Thee," for he now thought of God in such terms as are suggested in the lines beginning—

"Closer is He than breathing,
Nearer than hands and feet."

And he fixed the thought on this: Is it not possible to open up all the doors and windows of one's being to the All-pervading God so that he can touch every cell and every part of it and energize it?

And frankly he remarked: "Do not go gunning after New Thought and Christian Science,"—meaning that they have some things of value which we do not have, and at least some lessons for us to learn. President Nash went on to remark in substance:

The minister must show power to draw, to hold and to bless. By this must he test his ministry. This power must be in his prayers. Unless the prayers open up the very life of God to the people, as a fountain of life, they are ineffectual. People will turn away, feeling that their needs have not been met.

Doubtless Dr. Nash was thinking somewhat as when he said in his recent address on "A Ministry to Modern Men": "They believe the ancient word, 'All things are yours,' believe it not so much because Paul said it as because they themselves have dared and found it true. Never was an age so conscious, so aware of an accessible universe, limitless resources, perfect freedom of action, power to pursue and achieve."

Running through all that Dr. Nash said was the seeming suggestion that the day was at hand for a realization of what men really were in themselves because of the Immanent, All-pervading God, and that the thing to do was to lay hold of the resources.

This was to be noticed in every one of the talks. Professor Buckham, speaking of prayer from the psychological standpoint, used the phrase , "co-operant spiritual activity with the supreme self."

Dr. Pond's reply to a question as to whether certain answers to prayer, told out of his own rich experience, might not be telepathically explained (the reply being in effect, "Yes, but I would say God was in the telepathy") indicated that we may be moving toward a conception of prayer somewhat different from that of old—that he who prays lays hold of some of God's eternal laws, changes God not in the least toward the subjects of the prayers, but changes the subjects, the individuals themselves. And this, by the use of laws which some day will be as explicable as will be other laws, all of which he has framed for man's use and for his fashioning in his own image and perfection.

While some evidently could not get away from the idea of pleading with God in prayer as a necessity, it seemed to dawn on every mind that the beseeching of God to save a sinning person was not the essential thing, but rather to bring that person to realize what God actually was to him and what he could do in and for him when there came such a realization followed by co-operant activity in accordance therewith.

And is not this really the lesson of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, told by him who knew God and revealed God as no other being ever has?

What is Religion? Our Dr. Campbell of California quotes Thomas Erskine of Linlathen as saying in a letter to a corrsepondent: "I hope you know what it is to be sensible of the presence of God. Religion seems to me to consist in that." And Dr. Campbell writes in his book entitled "The Presence": "The Presence being within us, we do not require to pray for it, or to call it up as one might call up a distant friend by telephone. What we are to do is to recognize it, and to acknowledge it, if possible, but should it elude us we are still to believe in it. Just because its operations are as a rule not distinguishable from the ordinary processes of mind they may go on with out observation."

One of our poets has written:

"God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within, our spirit is
The home he holds most dear..

"To think of him as by our side
Is almost as untrue

As to remove his throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.

"So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth
Myself God's sanctuary."

Many persons are wondering today how much of petition and how much of communion there will be in prayer when mankind has progressed somewhat more.

We told recently in The Pacific of an experience as to prayer to the life of Adele Kamm, "The Huguenot Saint of the Twentieth Century." She believed thoroughly in prayer and wrote much of the great value of it in the spiritual life. Yet there came a time when she was unable to pray at all in set forms either aloud or mentally. At first this condition troubled her, but later she wrote that God had graciously met her need and had led her into almost unbroken communion with himself. She said that in the new experience there was so much inward joy and peace, along with success in her work, that it quite consoled her for her inability to pray, for she felt that the Holy Spirit united her closely to God. In that state every thought and action were wrought in an atmosphere in which the material and spiritual were so blended that she could no longer distinguish them.

No doubt when Jesus spent a whole night in prayer it was almost if not entirely communion with the Father.

Long ago one of our sacred poets wrote:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That burns within the breast."

Does it go up to God from loving hearts, and so start transformations or currents of action by him in lives we wish to help and wish God to help? Or does it through God's laws leap direct, as we know today thoughts do from mind to mind through long distances, and in this manner do its work?

As we go over the talks of last Monday we are wondering whether that minister said aright who said to the young man, "Pray for courage." Ought it not to have been, Lay hold of courage? All the infinite resources are mine! I will not fear. I will not be discouraged!

Was not that other one in the right way when he said to the woman who feared death that she did not fear —that her real self did not fear, and by means of hopeful words that laid hold of the Fountain of Life, led her into a calm and restful sleep, though she hadn't slept before for a long time?

And again, How much of the psychic was there in the distress of the good deacon at Yale who was wanting to help an unknown student in need, who was yearning and praying for help and yet was too proud to let his actual condition be known? What waves of impression went out, mayhap, but did not effect anything because the two were not psychically attuned! Only through a third person was it ascertained where the help was needed and the mental distress quieted. Was not this man's unrest in accordance with laws that men will sometime understand more fully and use more widely and more effectively?

Is it not possible to say this and not take God out of this student's prayer and the answer thereto? Manifestly his prayer for a way to open up for him to continue his theological studies was answered only through a human medium—another student who suspicioned his need and who also had been made acquainted with the impression of the deacon that there was somebody who ought to be helped by him whom he was not helping.

If it be said, as we presume it will be, that God used that third person so as to answer the prayer of the deacon for the discovery of the unknown one and the prayer of the student for aid, why not say that it was in the first place through God's mysterious psychic laws that the deacon got his impression? And that we have herein something which may sometime put prayer on a natural basis and yet not take God out of it?

Why object to the use of law, and accept the use of persons?

Such were some of the thoughts which were started afresh in the mind of the present writer by the utterances in the meeting of the ministers last Monday. They head up in the question, What changes in our conception of prayer will be brought about through the changed conceptions of God and man and of the Bible?

It is folly to deny that prayer does not have in the lives of professing Christians the place it once had. Family prayer is passing out; so also is the prayer-meeting; and ministers say that prayer does not have in their lives the place it once had—at least that they do not use the old phraseology, do not make the petitions they made aforetime.

What does it mean? Is faith decadent? Or, is God leading his people in new paths?

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Prohibition had a majority in Washington of more than 35,000.

The Home Mission Committee of the San Francisco Presbytery made a canvass of the Bohemians of this city recently. Fifty-two families were visited. All but twelve were Roman Catholics formerly, but now classify themselves as "free thinkers."

Plymouth Church, Seattle, has called to the pastorate the Rev. Hugh G. Ross, a Presbyterian pastor at Capetown, South Africa. He has accepted, so says an Associated press dispatch from Seattle. The call seems to have been made on the recommendation of Fred C. Smith of the International Y. M. C. A.

The University of California is expecting a record-breaking attendance at its summer session in 1915—Panama-Pacific Exposition year. The attendance at all sessions this year was 8.481. Columbia had the largest attendance—10,960. Pennsylvania was third, and Michigan fourth, with 7,368 and 6,302 respectively.

Since the General Assembly met last May the San Francisco Theological Seminary has been under the control of the Assembly. The Synod of California voted last year to pas it over to the General Assembly. If this had been done a few years ago probably the Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Day would yet be occupying the chair of Old Testament Literature. The Synod of California is more conservative and more reactionary than the General Assembly is.

A Summer School for Ministers and Christian Workers will be conducted by Pacific Theological Seminary in 1915. It will open with the summer school of the Uni-

versity of California, and will continue for six weeks. Prof. Rauschenbusch will give two hours a day to the work, Dr Cope of the Religious Education Association, one hour a day. Pacific Seminary professors and others will have part. Full particulars will be ready soon. It will be something worth planning for, and promises to draw a large attendance.

Nevada has been called the most male State in the United States—perhaps in the world. The census of 1910 showed that there were twice as many men there as women. Anne H. Martin, the President of the Nevada Equal Suffrage Society, writes in the Woman's Journal: "Nevada law, custom, and social life are more nearly an expression of man-made law and custom than those of any other country in the world. Consequently, Nevada needs the help of her women to modify law, custom and social life, the help of women whose pioneer mothers stood shoulder to shoulder with the men in building up a great commonwealth out of wilderness. Owing to the transitory character of many of Nevada's industries, such as the construction of irrigation works to water her vast agricultural lands, railway construction and mining, there are nearly three times as many unattached men living outside of home influences as there are married women within the State. The male population is over 50 per cent transient; the population of women is only 20 per cent transient, as the women have permanent occupations on the farms and in the schools and the homes of the State. The fact that out of a voting population of only 20,000 a majority of 3,000 votes was cast to give women the right to vote, shows not only that men all over the State were just and fair-minded, but that they must have instinctively felt the need of women's help. There was definite organized opposition up to the last on the part of a small group of men, representing the usual vested and evil interests, in order to restore the wide-open gambling and divorce laws, and keep Nevada as a black spot, a sort of Men's Playground of the Western World. Nevada's one multimillionaire, George Wingfield, allied himself with this group, threatened to leave the State, with all his investments, inincluding Goldfield Consolidated, if equal suffrage carried, and fought the woman suffrage campaign bitterly throughout through his paper, the Reno Gazette." Miss Martin says further: "The ballot for women in Nevada means better government for both men and women, through increasing the electorate with the permanent interests of the State at heart by over 18,000 voters. The argument of the anti-suffragists that the "women do not want it" has been answered in Nevada by a house-to-house canvass throughout the counties of the State, where the houses and ranches are often twenty or thirty miles apart.. In many of these counties at least 90 per cent of the women enrolled themselves in favor of equal suffrage, and their signatures are on file at the headquarters of the Nevada Equal Franchise Society."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Detroit claims to have the largest Y. M. C. A. membership in the world. The West Side Association, New York City, stands second; the Los Angeles Association third.

The Fort Washington Presbyterian Church of New York City invited the Jews to hold their Day of Atonement services in their church building this year. The offer was gratefully accepted.

Fifty years ago it was considered unwomanly for a woman to practice medicine. Today in the United States there are about 7,000 women in the medical profession, and many of them are eminently successful, and withal very womanly.

A nation-wide evangelistic campaign was begun not long ago in Japan. Among the workers is Madam Hirooki of Osaka, a business woman of high rank, who has turned over her banking interests for a time to her associates and is giving her whole time to evangelism. She is64 years old.

The Italian Presbyterian Church in Detroit, Michigan, received to membership recently a Roman Catholic priest.

The Bloomington, Illinois, presbytery recently sent to all the daily papers published within its territory, and to the Chicago newspapers a respectful protest against liquor advertisements.

For several years the Century Company has been losing money on the Century Magazine. The deficit recently was $200,000. Harper's Monthly has had a hard time weathering the gale, but seems likely to win. The 35-cent publications have been hard pressed by the 15-cent publications. The Century ranks high yet, but of late there has been a decided change in the articles published. They relate more to the leading questions of the day than formerly.

The Japanese-American News, a San Francisco publication, prints an interview with Count Okuma of Japan on "The Future of China," from which we quote as follows: "The miserable failure of the second revolution only helped to strengthen the power of the new President. The degree of intelligence of the proletariat of China has not yet reached that stage where a republican principle of government becomes practicably workable. Whatever name the government of China may assume, in practice the lack of popular intelligence makes it next to impossible to apply the principle of a truly republican government. According to present indications, Yuan Shih-Kai is gradually establishing himself as a dictator. Once recognized as a dictator, the next step will be to make himself king or emperor. This form of government, judging by the history and tradition of China, seems to be more suitable for governing the millions living in that vast dominion. China is too large a country for any nation to entertain the idea of subjugating or annexing it. But the interests of the powers being so closely interwoven in China, peace and tranquillity in that country are of vital importance to them. China is now the center of the diplomatic activities of the world. * * * As to whether Yuan Shih-Kai can be finally successful in placing his government on a solid basis, insuring lasting peace, I am afraid that no one would be prepared to answer this question in the affirmative. Everything in China at present is in a tentative state, and when and how the whole drama may be brought to a conclusion is a great question which it is impossible to answer. It is very interesting to watch the issue of the two currents of civilization which have lately met in China and Japan. What will finally evolve from the situation remains to be seen, but it is certainly a subject which deserves the closest attention of the student of human progress, and in studying it the question of racial difference must be taken into consideration."

Get at the root of things. The gold-mines of Scripture are not the top soil; you must open a shaft. The precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the Word of God.—Dean Stanley.

JOTTING III.

The Simplicity of the Teaching of Jesus Regarding Prayer.

I am not writing this for anyone who is so prepossessed, if I may not say obsessed with the conception of the reign of law in the universe as to make it only another name for impersonal and cruel fate—so obsessed as to conceive of God having imprisoned himself in laws—bound by them as to all his infinite capacities, so that he has less freedom in them than we have ourselves; I say, I am not writing this for such, but only for those whose thought of God admits of their saying in prayer, "Our Father." We certainly can make, through these laws, the forces of nature our servants. Cannot God do the same, and even thus fulfil for us the impulse of his fatherly love in answering our prayers? Certainly he who is revealed to us in Jesus can and will do this.

I know no way so easy to make this clear and to show how simple is the Christian philosophy of prayer, as to note the analogy between it and effort with reference to the securing of desired results.

God could feed the world as he fed the Israelites, on manna; nay, he could have saved to them the labor of going forth each morning early to gather up what he had showered upon the desert land. He could lay upon our tables morning by morning our necessary food all ready for the eating. Why does he not do this? The answer is ready: because as might be expected beforehand and as has been abundantly demonstrated in human experience, this would be the work of our enemy, not of a wise and loving Father. No provision for us is more beneficial than that which comes in the edict, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." This is too evident to need to be shown.

Well, some of us know, and the history of mankind endorses our assurance, that for the real man, the spirit which dwells in and animates this body, which we wear, nothing else can be so useful nothing else so indispensable for our normal and healthful development, as fellowship with God. We were made for him, and as to true manhood we shrivel and perish without him. There is nothing, therefore, that he as our Father, desires so much for us as to bring us into this fellowship with him. But just as men are selfishly averse to labor and, except as pressed to it by necessity, will avoid it and be idle, so men are selfishly averse to fellowship with God and will not seek that in which their highest good and richest joy is found. And therefore our Father not only invites us to him in terms of tenderest love, but conditions blessings such as we crave upon our coming into this companionship with him. It is for this reason that he says, Ask and ye shall receive. It is for this that he bids us be importunate, praying and not fainting—withholding the gift till we plead for it again and again. To one who has thus conceived of the blessing which comes from this fellowship with the Father, none of Christ's parables are more practical or more precious than those which in our less developed thought we would perhaps have dropped to the very bottom of the list. I think that once I even went so far as to wish that they had not been preserved—those of the importunate widow and the neighbor who wakes his friend at midnight asking for bread. They authorize us to pray and not faint; they relieve us of any such idea as that we are teasing children when we keep on praying day by day for year after year for that which comes, if it is coming at all, with such slow-moving feet. There is not gold enough in all the hills of California to make me willing now to part with these two precious parables.

The analogy between effort and prayer is perfect if we think of God as a person in whose image we are made and who is for us as a Father, and in this view of him and of the facts of Christian experience the call to pray is just as reasonable as the call to work can be.

On the other hand, the conception of prayer as effective only through its reflex influence upon ourselves or upon the community when a whole people are summoned to ask for one thing on one day, is absurd. It makes prayer a pretense. Prayer cannot be offered on that ground by any sincere heart without the flaw in it of conscious or unconscious hypocrisy. But prayer that is prayer—asking for what we want in order to get it by asking—**does prevail.** I have tried it too many times and found it availing, to hesitate a moment as to my testimony. Many times I have faced the impossible, have needed and asked for that which mere common sense, mere business foresight, would have pronounced unreasonable—have asked and then have sought with all the diligence of which I was capable—uniting prayer and effort as Jesus bade us do—and I have seen the mountain removed and cast into the sea, and the impossible brought to pass. And I expect to see this again and again. W. C. P.

NEW BOOKS.

The Madonna of Sacrifice. By William Dana Orcutt. A story of Florence, setting forth the devotion and faithfulness of a little Italian boy, the chapel of whose master was to him the only real home he had ever known, and the Madonna of Sacrifice his nearest mother. Very tender and touching. **(Pilgrim Press; 50 cents net.)**

The Woman Who Came by Night. By a Minister. There are in this book five intensely interesting stories drawn out of the experiences of a minister who has known about twenty-five thousand women in his thirty years as a pastor. He tells of five of them under the following captions: The Woman Who Came by Night, The Lingerie Lady, The Voice of the Lord, The Woman Divided, The Shadow on the Screen. It will not be difficult for a few of our readers to locate the author of this book in an influential pastorate in one of our Eastern cities. Ministers especially, who have all kinds of people calling on them, on all sorts of errands, will enjoy the book. It will give to all others who read it insight into experiences which such pastors as the author have been able to turn into great good. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.00 net.)**

The Young Man's Jesus. By Bruce Barton. The author says in the preface to this book: "It makes no pretense of being a Life of Christ in the accepted sense. * * * Neither chronology nor theology find here the deference which they are accustomed to receive, and all those important but never-to-be-decided questions concerning which men have held fiercest dispute, are utterly ignored. We have simply dipped down into the rich and varied color of his life, and choosing such material as suited our need, have fashioned a portrait of him as he really was, a master of men, sublimely powerful, a young man, whom strong men can love." On a concluding page the author says concerning the Young Man of Galilee: "Our little journey through these pages will have come to no end, unlese we can close our eyes and see him right at this moment, virile, broad-

shouldered, his strong corded hand outstretched, his lips parted in a smile revealing perfect teeth, a flash of joy in his eyes—unless we can hear the hearty man-to-man hail with which he would welcome us; unless we can know that, of all men in history whom one might choose as the companion of a joyous half-day, the Young Man of Galilee would be most joyous, most completely and inspiringly attractive and worth while." No one who reads it will fail to be intersted in this book, though he may be of opinion that the author puts into the life of Jesus characteristics which did not exist, but which arose in his imagination. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.00 net.)**

MADAM VANDEVELDE'S PLEA FOR BELGIUM.

Loyal L. Wirt.

Half the blood in my veins is Prussian blood. I can hardly be charged therefore with indifference toward the claims of my father's Fatherland. Nevertheless I want faithfully to report a meeting I attended last Sunday in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, held under the auspices of the Sunday Evening Club.

It was announced that Mr. James Keeley, proprietor of the Chicago Record-Herald, would tell the story of the "Christmas Ship." U. S. Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, who was the first speaker, said the world had never seen a more significant gathering. The sons and daughters of eight or ten warring nations were here gathered under one roof in peace and good will, while the only feeling was one of sadness and regret, with all alike interested in an act of love which breathed the very spirit of Jesus Christ—the Prince of Peace.

A war correspondent just from the front gave a vivid description of his experiences; relating, among other things, this incident: He was with a battery of machine guns which had been entrenched in a grain field. While thus hidden, a company of 1,200 soldiers debouched from a wood in solid formation. On they came, straight across the field. When within the width of a street to the unsuspected enemy, the rapid firse swept their ranks. Within five minutes everyone of the 1200 had either been killed or wounded.

The surprise of the evening came with the introduction, by Jane Addams, of Madam Vandevelde, wife of the Prime Minister of Belgium. I doubt if any in that audience of 3,000 were ever so deeply moved by a speaker. One felt that this woman in black, with the sad, patrician face and note of agony in her voice, was not delivering an address, but painting a picture, and the color she used was her own heart's blood.

Young, tall, a gracious womanly woman. With studied effort to be just and dispassionate, Madam Vandevelde drew the fearful outlines and filled in the sorrowful details of a picture none who listened will ever forget. She spoke slowly, as though feeling her way through the unfamiliar paths of a foreign language—yet with perfect distinctness and only a slight accent. He voice was like a cello, low, full and vibrant with feeling.

She must have spoken over an hour, for it was after ten o'clock when Bishop Fallows pronounced the benediction upon a mighty solemn audience. Never, I think, has the world heard such a story. First of all she read two state papers: the German demand for permission to use their country for military purposes, and the reply; plucky Belgium's instant and emphatic refusal. Then she traced the story of the destruction of their cities, the devastation of their land and the beggaring of their entire nation.

I was interested in watching the effect of her narrative upon the audience. Everybody seemed to be trying to hold himself down. The word "Neutrality" was certainly in every thought. There would have been repeated applause but for this conscious reserve of feeling. Everywhere, though, women had their handkerchiefs out, and I heard men swearing under their breath. But twice the stones would have cried out" if the audience had not let go—then there was thunderous applause. At the close this was prolonged for fully five minutes.

Her first sentence was this: "I have come to your country because it is the only country where reason and human kindness still hold sway." I was too much moved to take many notes, but here are a few jottings made on my program, amplified from memory. "When our brave soldiers had stood in the trenches outside Antwerp for four days, fighting waist deep in water, without sleep or food, our women could stand it no longer. A number of wives and sisters filled baskets with food and hot coffee and ran across the trampled fields, midst a hail of bullets and shrapnel fire. As women fell, others hurried forward, picked up their baskets and pressed on to the trenches."

"When they brought into Antwerp train loads of wounded, I visited many in the improvised hospitals, doing what I personally could." "To one desperately wounded man, I said, 'Are you in pain?' He shook his head. 'Are you thinking about your wife and children?' Again he shook his head. 'Then what are you thinking about?' As I stooped closer to his lips he whispered,—'I want to go back to the front and fight.' "

She spoke in glowing terms of the help rendered by the "clever dogs" as she termed them. The machine guns are drawn by the Belgian dogs, who are hitched in pairs underneath. Each knows his exact place in the formation, and when unhitched drops back behind the guns to await the next order. When they come into action the dogs are as keen as the men. "And in many instances," said Madam Vandevelde, "when the order has been given to leave the guns and charge the enemy, the dogs have leaped into the forefront of the battle line and fought side by side with their masters." "And", she added, "it is not uncommon, after a battle, to find among the dead soldiers, women and dogs."

Once when she described how, with ten to one against them, the Belgians had been slowly forced back across their own fields, but contested doggedly every inch of the way to the Fernch lines, she stopped—while three thousand sympathizers leaned forward and hardly breathed—then said, just above a whisper—"Oh! how that little army of ours has fought." There was no applause, but men gulped, and women wept unrestrained and unashamed.

She referred to the attitude of the North toward the South in our Civil war. "Did you destroy homes, churches, crops, pictures, statues and priceless heirlooms? Did you exact a crushing indemnity from already crushed cities? Did you round up state and municipal officials and threaten to kill them if every scrap of food in the country was not brought in to feed the enemy and so invite famine into the land? No, you did not do that."

"They have not proven that civilians killed their soldiers. But if they have, if they have," she cried passionately, "can you blame them when the enemy violated

it's word of honor, trampled upon our most sacred rights, invaded the bosom of our families, burned our cottages and turned our beautiful homes into scenes of destruction and drunken feasting. Wouldn't you shoot? Wouldn't you defend your homes and loved ones with your last bullet?"

Then the tension snapped; a storm swept the audience —and we all felt better. "The history of your Civil war," she continued, "tells of a Southern woman who killed one of your officers for insisting upon entering her home against her protest. She was taken and brought before one of your commanding officers. 'What shall we do with her?' asked her captors. 'Do?' shouted the officer, 'Let her go— what would you think of her had she done less under the circumstances?' And what would you think of us had we not sold our birthright as dearly as possible?"

Madam Vandevelde is no sentimentalist; she has an inductive mind. She sought out unerringly the most terrible disaster any war can bring when she said: "To me, the saddest thing in my poor country is to see our peace-loving, happy, civilized, Christian people turned into savages. We now read no books, look at no pictures, make no music. The only thing we are interested in is to hear that we have killed vast numbers of our recent friends. So have we descended to the level of the barbarians."

Another climax came when she related that, having refused to let the invading army march across their country to attack a friendly neighbor, the subsequent policy had been to so despoil their lands, harry the people, frighten them with bombs from the skies, starve them by confiscating all their cattle and food stuffs, imprison and hang their mayors and councilmen, and make of those who did not become refugees servants and suppliants—all this and much more for the purpose and with the expectation that the Belgians would be driven to sue for peace.

Then she lifted her beautiful face to the galleries and said, "Sue for peace after what we have suffered? Never! We prefer extermination to dishonor!" The seats would have broken loose if the great audience had not. She closed with a plea for funds to assist her in the task she had undertaken of collecting medicines for the sick, clothing for the naked and comfort for the broken in mind and spirit. I thought of Christ in the Synagogue and the words of Isaiah he read with the Scroll.

Her last words were, "And yet, we are not without hope that through the valor of our undaunted little army, cooperating with the armies of the allies, and not least through the moral support and good offices of your noble President, backed by the fair-minded people of this wonderful country, with malice toward none, and with charity for all, with faith in the right, as God gives us to see the right, we may yet come to a just and a lasting peace."

EIGHTY PERCENT OF THE STORIES OF ATROCITIES UNTRUE; TEN PERCENT GROSSLY EXAGGERATED.

It is to be hoped that aid in unstinted measure will go from this country to the suffering Belgian people. The question of the accuracy of some of the statements made by the Belgian woman reported in the foregoing article by Dr. Loyal L. Wirt has nothing to do with their need and our obligations to aid. But it seems hardly fair to publish this report and not give something at the same time on the other side. We accordingly make a few excerpts from an article by Mr. Irvin Cobb in the Saturday Evening Post for November the 14th.

First, however, a word as to that question by Madam Vandevelde "Wouldn't you shoot?" It was concerning the shooting by the Belgian civilians after their cities had been surrounded to the Germans? Most emphatically our answer is "No"—unless we were momentarily insane. For nothing but harm could be expected from such shooting. We like to think that the Belgians who did such shooting were not in their right minds, that the awfulness of it all had for the time unbalanced them.

Then as to the attitude of the North toward the South during our civil war, perhaps Sherman's march to the sea might furnish some comparison as to the destruction of property.

Turn now to the excerpts from the article in the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Cobb had excellent opportunities to find out the truth about the alleged atrocities, and he writes:

"I have made painstaking efforts to find out the exact facts in such instances of alleged atrocities as came under my direct observation. I have tried to be fair to both sides and to get at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"My deliberate personal opinion is that 80 per cent. of the stories are absolutely untrue. The remaining 20 per cent. I have mentally catalogued in this way: Ten per cent. were grossly exaggerated and 10 per cent. approximately correct. At the same time let me add that, in a majority of instances, I am convinced the persons who peddled these hideous accounts of multilation and torture, and murder and rapine, believed them to be true. They believed them to be true because they wanted to believe them; so they did believe them, and gave to them as wide a circulation as possible.

"As I said just before, I was actually with the German advance for two weeks I accompanied or followed the Germans into perhaps thirty cities and towns, ranging in size from Brussels, Louvain, and Liege to inconsequential villages whose names would mean nothing if I enumerated them here. I saw them on the march, in camps, in newly captured towns, in hospitals and garrisons, and on still-smoking battlefields. I saw them going into action— though I did not see them actually engaged—and coming out of action. I hesitate to attempt to say how many hundreds of thousands of German soldiers I saw, with my own eyes, between August 19 and the present date. I might miss the actual figure by a hundred thousand—yes, or by two hundred thousand.

"At any rate, I had abundant opportunity for studying them in masses, in groups, and as individual units. And when I was told or when I read that they had made a sport of spitting children on lances, and that they had locked women and prices up in churches to be burned to death, and that they had suspended old men from rafters and put an end to them by lingering torments which old Geronimo would have envied, I found it hard to believe that these things were done, because I had witnessed no such crimes myself, nor was I able to come on a single human being who admitted having witnessed them personally.

"I recalled the officers I had seen paying scrupulous and

exact courteous to Belgian men and women under whose roofs they had been billeted, and the private soldiers I had seen flirting with Belgian girls and dancing Belgian babies on their knees. To me it did not seem humanly possible that these men, belonging to a race we have been accustomed to regard as home-loving and God-fearing, would turn—on the instant, as it were—to a pack of ravening, bloody-minded, lustful brutes practicing warfare after the fashion of the Apaches.

"I resolved early not to trust altogether to the evidence of my own eyes, which put so fair an aspect on the motives and the behavior of both sides; and I endeavored by every means in my power to come at the conditions that underlay the top-water indications. At the end of seven weeks of reasonably conscientious reportial work I have proved—to my own satisfaction, at least—that, speaking generally, these are the facts:

"A certain proportion of the Belgian population, usually confined to rural districts and small towns, were, during the first month of hostilities, much addicted to firing on German troops and individual Germans from the roofs and windows of their houses and from the shelter of their hedgerows.In a majority of cases these attacks were sporadic, individuals acting on their own initiative.

"Nor can I doubt that a certain primitive passion, fed and fattened, perhaps, by a sense of the helplessness of their nation, has led individual Belgians to seek reprisal on the persons of German civilians who were reckless enough or brave enough to pass through the country without adequate military protection.

"The Germans do not attempt either to excuse or to palliate the severity with which they retaliated for these assaults on them. They justify their action under the laws of warfare. Even though they did deny it, the wasted villges, the burned homes, and the rows of new graves in the fields and gardens would give the lie to their words. Without exception they have destroyed the houses whence shots were fired on them; and they have killed by hanging or shooting, all the male adults found within those houses, sparing neither the young nor the old. Yet I was assured that, from the first, the Belgian populace had ample promise of human treatment if they remained peaceable and committed no overt acts against the Germans, and ample warning of the death and destruction in store for them if they raised armed hands against the troops.

In either event it is conclusive that the Germans kept their word; they kept it with the unimpassioned, determined German thoroughness which appears to be characteristic of their whole military system. If this were not true how could I have found extended area in Belgium through which hundreds of thousands of German soldiers had passed without signs of wanton damage of any sort—districts where the houses were all intact, the crops untrampled, and the fruit left hanging on the trees, and not so much as a window smashed or a haystack toppled over?

"Naturally it is shocking to think that, in very many cases, when the invaders dealt out their deadly punishment the well-doing suffered with the guilty. Scores of times, no doubt, the folly and the sudden fury of one man brought destruction on his family and his neighbors."

Mr. Cobb gives a few pitiable cases. He says:

"When the world war broke out with such sudden violence, an aged Scotch gentleman, J. Monroe MacKenzie, was in Aix la-Chapelle taking the baths for rheumatism. In company with several others of British nativity, he left Aix on August 9, meaning to reach Ostend and from there to cross to English soil. The party started in carriages. A few miles over the Belgian border they were stopped and turned back by German troops, who told them—truthfully enough—that fighting had begun along their route just ahead, and that it would be dangerous for them to proceed further. This happened between Baelen and Dolhain. The refugees obtained lodging for the night in the house of a Belgian customs officer.

"Among them was an English lady, travelling with her two small children, one of whom was ill, and a trained nurse. During the night some one in the house, presumably the owner of it, fired from a hole in the roof tiles on a passing squad of Germans. The Germans surrounded the house and set fire to it. They spared the women and children; but they shot the men, of whom there were four, as they came forth from the blazing building. The seventy-four-year-old Scotchman came last, limping on his crippled legs. A volley dropped him across the threshold. I suppose there have been many such frightful things as these; I quote them here, first, to prove my point, and second, because I learned the details of them practically at first hand.

"While we are still on this subject I am going to repeat a story that was told to me by one of the leading physicians of Aix-la-Chappelle, who, when I saw him, had abandoned his practice to manage a lazaret of German and French wounded. During the investment and bombardment of the Liege defences a battery of German siege guns was mounted in the village of Dolhain, which has already been mentioned. From the accuracy with which shots from the Liege forts fell among them, the Germans speedily became convinced that some one in the village was secretly communicating with the defending fortresses, telling the gunners there when a shell overshot the German lines or fell short.

"A local physician was caught in the act of sending carrier pigeons to Liege with advice for the better handling of the Belgian guns. The Germans shot him in his house among his pigeons. Nevertheless, the Belgian fire continued to be marvellously fatal.

"Then another discovery was made. A young girl, the daughter of a well-to-do citizen, was using a telephone that, through some oversight, the Germans had failed to destroy. From the window of her faither's house she watched the effect of the Belgian shells, and after each discharge she would call the fort in Liege and direct the batteries there how to aim the next time. For days she had been risking her life to do this service for her country.

"She was detected, tried by court-martial, convicted of violating the articles of warfare by giving aid to the enemy, and condemned to be shot. Next morning this girl, blindfolded and with her arms bound behind her, faced a firing squad. As I conceive it, no more heroic figure will be produced in this war than that Belgian girl, whose name the world may never know.

"I do not know how the American people will view the execution of military law on that brave young woman," said my informant. "I do know that the officers who tried her sorely regretted that, under their oaths to do their duty without being influenced by sentiment or by their natural sympathies, they sentenced her to death. They could do nothing else. She had been instrumental in causing the killing and wounding of many of our men. By the rules of war she had risked her life, and she lost it. Our troops

had killed the man who used the carrier pigeons. They had no right and no power to spare the girl who, over the telephone, directed the fire of our enemies. But if I were a Belgian I would give my last cent to rear a monument to her memory."

"So much for Belgian provocation and for German reprisals under the inflexible Prussian code. The topic of atrocities is an easier one with which to deal. Speaking from my own personal knowledge, I will say just this:

"First and last, I presume I must have travelled upward of a hundred and fifty miles on Belgian soil in the company of German troops or immediately behind them. These travels, as I have already stated, extended over a period of about two weeks. In that time I saw only one German soldier who was plainly under the influence of drink, and only two others who were noticeably exhilarated by drink. I did not see a German soldier who was looting, or one who was mistreating natives or one who refused to pay for what he had taken in a shop or a cafe. I saw many prisoners—Belgians, British and French—in German hands; but only one case of mistreatment of a prisoner came under my personal observations, and in that case the victim was an American.

"I ran across one man who said he thought he had been fired at by German soldiers while he was endeavoring to minister to a wounded Frenchman; anyhow a bullet had whistled near his head, and he judged it had been meant for him. In two vilages I found seemingly direct evidence that German soldiers had forced citizens to march in front of them as they entered streets in which they had reason to expect ambuscades. In one of those villages a man had been killed in his own house, presumably by the Germans. He was found there dead, with the house burning about him, after they took the town and drove out a scouting party of English cavalry. What the provocation for killing him or what the lack of it was I could not learn, though I tried hard enough to find out."

THE OUTCOME OF THE PERSONAL CULTURE OF RELIGION IN HEALTH HAPPINESS AND USEFULNESS.

An Address by Rev. C. S. Osgood at the Northern California Congregational Conference in Oakland.

No doubt the personal culture of religion has many other effects than the ones here mentioned. It is significant, though, that just these practical objects are chosen for our consideration. We are asked to think about the result of the Christian religion upon the daily problems of life. Does it enable us to overcome or avoid the ills of the body and the sickness of the mind? Are we, on account of our religion, vastly healthier, happier, and more useful to others than we could otherwise be? Does our religion have regenerative power, not only in the abstract sense, but in its definite results upon our souls and bodies?

There are many people who dislike the discussion of these questions. They would rather talk about the effect of Christianity upon character and upon the soul, which is of course the realm where we are most at home. These other subjects sem to savor a little of the cults. They take us into a region where we may find ourselves in the company of people whom we regard as more or less fanatical. We hear all around us a great deal of talk upon these matters, and so much of it seems foolish that we acquire a dislike for the whole discussion. This, however, is entirely a wrong attitude on our part. There is a great realm of truth here, and we must not fear to enter it. The fact that it is sometimes caricatured or parodied does not lessen its real value. We sometimes tire of a great piece of music because the hand organ man butchers it so terribly, but it is great music just the same, when rightly rendered. Our Christianity is able to produce finer harmonies in the minds and bodies of those who practice it than any of its imitations or perversions. Real Christianity knows no second in these matters. It is not making the fullest use of its treasure, but that the treasure is in its possession no one can doubt.

It may also be objected that this subject does not touch the high ground of our faith. It says little or nothing about self-sacrifice, and this, if the cross means anything, is the great note of our religion. This is true. Of course, when the ideal of brotherhood is in question, nothing is to stand in its way. When Livingstone buffetted mercilessly his iron constitution and went to an early grave; when Paul carried his thorn in the flesh, which was probably a physical ailment, yet pressed forward his work in spite of it; or when General Booth freely risked his personal happiness and comfort by entering the slums of London and taking their burden upon his shoulders, Christianity was splendidly illustrated. No one cares for a religion whose highest word is either health or happiness or at least no one ought to. Few will die for a faith whose supremest mood is contentment and the untroubled mind, and we would not expect them to. Christ's truest disciples have not sought either health, happiness or personal comfort as their primary objects. All of this is as it should be. It need not divert us, however, from recognizing the great and substantial personal benefits which the culture of our religion is ordinarily calculated to bring. Although Christianity is the least selfish of all religions, it does the most for the self. I have no doubt that even the conspicuous Christians I have just mentioned as examples of the self-sacrificing life experienced almost daily the sustaining and rejuvenating power of their faith, and for us these benefits ought to be a constant joy.

There can be no doubt that people are today looking eagerly to religion for relief and help in many of the practical affairs of personal life. We ought not to complain of this, but to rejoice in it. Our religion is capable of helping men and women to bear their daily burdens. People all around us are battling desperately against the demons of ill-health, nervousness, worry, restlessness, and many forms of fear and apprehension. Modern life has been highly productive of these states of mind and body. The physician knows perfectly well that fear and worry are not the light things we sometimes imagine them to be. Worry has a dozen different stages, ranging from mere anxiety to absolute melancholia, and each of these stages is dangerous to the soul and body. Fear is almost everywhere prevalent. There is fear that the income will be cut off, fear that sickness will come, fear even that love will depart from the hearthstone, and countless other racking anxieties. We need only study the faces we pass in the street, if we would learn that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" is not an ordinary constituent of modern life. If the churches have anything to give which will remedy this condition, it is manifestly our duty to let the fact be known.

Fortunately, we have a vast deal to give. The resources of Christianity in this field are beyond computation. Personal religion is calculated to do more for body, mind and spirit than any other known agency, and for the substantial reason that it has more back of it. Merely to pass in review what we possess is enough to shame us for the meager results we sometimes achieve. Let us ask ourselves what some of these assets are.

First, there is the Christian God. If God is what we conceive Him to be, it is inevitable that communion and companionship with Him will lead to practical results in our personal lives. We have already been reminded in this Conference of the nearness of God. His omnipresence, and His care for all His creatures. God is the great Imparter. His constant desire and effort is to impart His life to us. Surely this has implications for the matters of which we are speaking. God is the great source of human happiness. We formerly thought of God exclusively as Law Giver, but now we ask Him to be the Joy Giver. The world is coming to believe that morality is better promoted by the impartation of the divine life itself (and surely the life of God must be joyous) than by the cold enforcement of rules of conduct The playground movement, with its doctrine that boys and girls are taught goodnes by the positive exercise of normal instincts rather than by the negative rule of suppression and the fear of the cop, finds its echo in present-day theological tendencies, which declare that men and women become truly religious, not through fear of a celestial police force, but by a glad participation in the divine life which fills the world. The Christian view of God, holding firmly to His love, as revealed in Christ, and His immanency, as revealed in experience, is rich in promise for our personal fortune and welfare. If God is all of this, results are inevitable.

In the second place, the moral summons of Christianity is a great healing and transforming agency. The Christian God is a Summoner as well as an Imparter. He calls us to tasks of human service. Nothing serves health and happiness so quickly and surely as self-forgetfulness. A Chicago physician had a patient who was manifestly in a very bad physical and nervous state. Week after week this man came for treatment, but he got no better. Finally, the doctor prescribed a vacation but, being a man of insight, he said to him first. "I suspect that there is something preying upon your mind of which you have not told me. If there is any cause of worry any anxiety which you can put away from you by some action on your part, I beg of you to do it for, as you see, ther remedies thus far have proven useless. The very next day this man came rushing into the office of the physician, all out of breath, exclaiming, "No vacation for me: I've found something better. I came to tell you that I am a well man. That last talk of yours yesterday is what fixed me. That was worth a thousand dollars. I knew all the time a vacation would not do me any good, but just didn't have the nerve to straighten things up, After I left your office yesterday, I just went home and began to clean everything up. I had five or six jobs to make right, but I did them all up square. Then I went up into the attic to pray; and I tell you, doctor, I am a well man, a new man. Look at my nerves this morning, aren't they steady? I tell you it is an awful thing to go around day after day with your conscience smiting you, and your mind all full of wrong doing."

Again, a well-to-do broker came to this same physician, and he also failed to find relief in ordinary methods of treatment. Once more, the physician found that his patient was suffering from heart trouble—contraction of the heart, in this case, or perhaps what the Bible describes as ossification of the heart. He took his broker down to the neighborhood of the stock yards and, after making a call at one of the homes of the poor, he was at pains to tell his friend and patient the pitiful story of that household, and he took him inside and showed him the ragged children and the empty pantry. The broker made for the nearest grocery store and, when he got back, his contraction of the heart was cured, and since then his nerves have been all right, for they are kept in tone by frequent trips to the stock yards district and by other self-forgetting labors.

Rather an old-fashioned method, is it not? If it is of use as an ordinary therapeutic device, what may we not do with it as we utilize it in our churches, where everything is ready to hand to warm our hearts and send us out in self-forgetting services for our fellow-men? "As they went they were cleansed." Christianity is a splendid summons to do one's best in a world of nerve-stimulating, body-energizing, soul-filling action. This way of life, by freeing and directing our energies and turning the mind away from itself, is able to work wonders. Still another resource, in which the Christian is to rejoice, is faith and prayer.

When these are added to the moral purpose of Christianity, the Christian man is "complete, furnished for every good work," and is in the process of growing "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." The kind of faith of which I am speaking is the workaday faith which Christian men live by. Though it ascends to heaven, its results are in one's own personal life. We may judge the amount of faith in our lives by our freedom from fear. If worry has upset our nerves and our digestion, the trouble is not nerves but lack of faith. If we lack confidence in our own selves, we are the victims of fear, and only faith and prayer will cure the condition. This world is full of real troubles. Men and women find the problem of life heavy. To keep the spirit in command each day, to keep alive when discouragement is so eager to enter, to remain true to ideals, and to make religion of use in keeping the rightful tone of body, mind and spirit; these are real tasks for each man. Our religion is the royal road to victory in these things.

The teaching of Jesus about prayer is reinforced by modern psychology. Jesus taught that prayer is equal to almost anything, and modern investigation leads to the same conclusion. "Prayer," says one investigator, is the sovereign therapeutic remedy, it is impossible to restrict its province and possibilities as regards its influence upon the human mind and body." (The Psychology of Faith and Fear, p 478.—Dr. Sadler.) Strange that we should have to have anybody tell us that, or that it should sound more authentic when coming from a physician! Yet we are almost startled when we learn that even a man who has very little religious faith, and who has never prayed before, will show definite physical reactions when he engages in this act. The pulse and respiration will become more regular, nerve tension will be reduced, and the blood pressure lowered. If this is true of the mere subject of an experiment in the physician's office or the psychological laboratory, what may we not expect when prayer has its rightful associations? If

even we clumsy men, with our rough measurements, may see outer indications of the workings of this wondrous inner power, what may not God see in it? The plain fact is that faith and prayer are the pearls of great price for all practical, human ends.

Jesus was careful to point out the right mood of prayer. He even went so far as to furnish a model form of words, which surely was rather a bold experiment. His purpose must have been, not to compose something for our liturgies, but to suggest the right spirit of prayer. Prayer which does not reflect the confident, hopeful mood of the Lord's prayer is for the most part useless. When this generation, or some other, learns how to pray, it will realize the personal fruits of religion as they have never been seen before.

There are several things which, as Christian ministers, we may easily carry out in connection with this subject. For one thing, we may encourage the people in our parishes to expect the benefits of their Christian faith. We encourage them to be its devotees, and to lay down their lives for it. But they are also its beneficiaries, and payments are due them daily. This idea will give us courage in dealing with some perplexing problems which every parish affords. Let us tell the man who excuses himself from unselfish service on the ground of failing health that one of the surest roads to physical recovery is the Christian practice of loving the brother man and helping him, and that, furthermore, the principal healing agent which this world knows is to be found somewhere in or around the churches. Let us remind the chronically worried and anxious brother that he is losing his soul and is in danger of utter damnation. It may startle him a bit. Many Christians consider this attitude of mind a luxury with which Christianity has nothing to do, instead of something which directly concerns its main business. Let us take the man or women who is forever in the state known as "feeling hurt," or those more serious cases where some ancient wrong grows and festers in the mind like an ulcer, and tells them boldly that they have lost God and are without hope in the world, unless they put their religion to work for the casting out of these devils. Wisdom may sometimes point to us to more indirect courses. We can "suggest"; that is a highly approved method. But, at any rate, let us go about our work as having to recommend the greatest healing agent for all sicknesses of body, mind and spirit which this world knows.

Then again, if we have this view of religion, we can get some good out of Sunday. Automobile rides will not meet the deepest need of the age, but a certain kind of church service will. The first thing necessary is that we ourselves get well in mind what religion is and what it is for. Then let us take our forms of worship and adapt them to this end. Religion is not wholly a harrowing of the soul over the sin of the world and its needs. It is also a food for each man's personal consumption. People come to church in the hope of getting a crumb of this food. Let us choose those hymns which minister to this end, and exclude others. Let us learn how to pray helpfully—and very few of us know. Let us teach the people, by our manner and attitude, that we regard every part of the service as potent with blessing, and more especially those parts which are not sermon. Watch the faces of the people, and note your own failure unless Heaven's buoyant and eager expression is written on their countenances during the moments of worship. Study to become good workmen—trained switchmen—in directing the divine, life-giving currents into the lives of your people.

Finally, see to it that there is some outcome of religion in your own life. Accept with gladness the present demand that religion prove itself by its fruits. Expect to have your religion judged in the main by your bodily vigor, your temperamental climate and your unaffected kindness. Do not complain if you are not quite sure of the justice of these judgments. We ministers are tragically prone to some very unChristian ways. Some of us are weak and sickly from causes which are largely mental or spiritual. Some of us see nothing ungodly in fretting incessantly and in cultivating habits of anxiety which are not according to Christ. The pure joy of living is not always the dominant impression of our personalities. Yet surely it is right that this should be. If we deal more constantly with religious truth than do others, we ought to be getting more continuously its benefits. Our very earnestness is often our peril. Earnestness will not save us, but a momentary dependence upon God will. No man in the community ought to outmatch us in a sort of freedom from care which belongs to the children of God. Though bearing burdens, we may neverthless let our religion express itself normally and helpfully through our own persons.

OPTIGRAMS.

Hugh Elmer Brown.

The soul of evolution is to make man a good man.

The whole realm of Chatterdom cannot refute the silent persuasions of simple goodness.

Goodness is no mere form of amiable vacuity; it is not the mere absence of "badness;" it is positive.

Man is the only animal with a talent for goodness and badness. He has the perilous gift of partial freedom.

It is so easy for the best man to fall and so possible for the worst man to rise.

Real sermons are like the platforms of street cars, where the conductor bids you "Move on up ahead."

Christianity is the only great religion that attempts to rescue the malefactor and the sensualist.

Ideals are news: Ideals are news to man about his own possibilities. Revelation flashes along the line of the ideal.

Man is not the rubbish of an Adam. That doctrine is blasphemy against God. Jesus gives it the lie.

That hymn "O What a Worthless Worm I Am" is not sufficiently complimentary to ordinary sinful human nature. Jesus hated these wormy conceptions of man.

Our thought of God, of Jesus, of sin, of immortality, is finally determined by what we think of man.

It is hard to predict what man may achieve in the line of personal development. Acorns, taken alone, suggest little about oaks. Jesus insisted that man could gain God-like perfection.

You can never talk God up by talking man down. You can never behold the brutality of sin, until you hold a reverent admiration for dust-made man.

We must think greatly of man if we are to labor greatly for man. Simon, turning upon mankind with rage and curses, can give no help.

Jesus believed in man. He saw the murder, lust and treachery lurking in the human heart, he looked out from

his cross upon a jeering multitude, typical of a vaster multitude who forever jeer and crucify the good; nevertheless he believed in man.

When men understand man, as Jesus did, war will go out.

Just now, man is cheap as dirt. But a terrific protest is gathering power. The doctrine of Jesus will yet crumble into dust this unspeakable wastage of war.

He who kills his brother, would murder God—if occasion came and cleverness permitted.

Jesus has come and He has come to stay. He has won for humanity a large doctrine of the spiritual equality of all men, has shattered slavery, redeemed womanhood, saved children. He is not yet at the end of His work. He will make our dreadnoughts and maxims seem the horrible follies of a piratical past. The Prince of Bethlehem will yet banish war—that black remnant of barbarism.

Among the Churches.

Wasco and Rosedale.—Rev Jesse L. Morain, who for several years has been in the pastorate in Cottonwood and later in Green Valley, in northern California, has accepted the pastorate of these two yoked churches.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Dr. Ng Poon Chew spoke to a good sized audience last Wednesday night on the subject, "China and Her Relation to the European Wra." The Brotherhood arranged the meeting.

Los Angeles, Colegrove.—Rev. O. P. Avery, who has been supplying this church for the past few months, has been definitely called as pastor. The Colegrove church is now in a prosperous condition, and looks forward to the future with confidence, under Mr. Avery's leadership. Rev. E. E Haring, who was pastor for several years, is now chaplain at the county hospital, where he finds a large and congenial work to be done.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE SUNSET CHURCH COUNCIL.

First. That the Sunset Church apply to the Home Missionary Society for help in the support of its pastor until such time as it shall be able to pay a living salary independent of any outside aid.

Second. That the salary of the pastor of the Sunset Church be not less than $1,200 a year, including a parsonage, provided he be a married man, and not less than $1,000 if he is without family, it being understood that fully half of the proposed salary be raised in the community.

Third. We suggest, if the Church Extension Society assents, that an amount not to exceed $5,000 be provided with which to erect a parsonage and parish house on the rear of Judah Street lot such proposed building to face Tenth Ave.

Fourth. We suggest that the Church Building Society be asked to provide a parsonage loan for ten years of $1,500 returnable in quarterly payments of $37.50.

Fifth. We suggest to the church that they request the Conference to appoint a committee of not less than three members to advise with the Sunset Church in all matters involving the expenditure of fellowship funds.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland made an "Every Member Canvass" recently. The persons already giving increased their contributions 80 per cent, and 109 new subscriptions were received. Another result was that the church came helpfully in touch with several sick persons of whose illness it had not known and with several others needing brotherly consideration and sympathy.

The Bay Association will meet with the Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, next Tuesday. The devotional service at 2:30 will be led by the Rev. K. Kodaira. At 3:15 "The Spiritual Ministry of the Church" will be considered as follows: "Through Organized Activities," Rev. G. D. Yoakum; "Through Teaching," Rev. H. S. Tuttle; "Through Worship," Rev. J. W. Buckham; "Through Unusual Methods," Rev. L. B. Briggs. This will be followed by a general discussion. The evening devotional service will be led by the Rev. F. L. Cooper, the new pastor of Richmond Church. The evening address on "The Life of Christ," will be given by Prof. McCown of Pacific Seminary.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

On November 16th Mrs. Camilla Thompson Donnell, the last one of the eight charter members of the Congregational Church of the Dalles, organized October, 1859, passed to her heavenly reward Mrs. Donnell was born in Decatur county, Indiana, near Greensburg, April 3, 1827, hence it may be seen that she was well along in her 88th year. She was educated in the average country school of her early youth, and having a retentive and wonderfully active mind, she made unusually good progress, and had considerable experience in teaching before she attained her majority. She was married to Z. Donnell in her native Greensburg, February 3, 1852, and on March 8th of that year started across the plains with her husband in a company of one hundred persons, with ox teams, and arrived at The Dalles September 13th. After resting a few days Mr. and Mrs. Donnell made their way to Portland in a bateau propelled by Indians. Two weeks later they removed to Yamhill county and settled for the winter at Dayton where Mr. Donnell found employment in a small sawmill, and Mrs. Donnell taught a school. Her salary was paid in fifty dollar gold pices known as "slugs," issued by private parties in San Francisco in the latter part of 1851, and this kind of money, supplemented by ten and twenty dollar gold pieces issued by the United States Assay office in San Francisco that year, formed the principal "circulating medium" for the entire Coast.

In the spring of 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Donnell removed to a donation claim in Linn county, near the present town of Brownsville, and remained there four years, the length of time required by the national government to perfect title to the land. In 1858 the family (by this time there were two children) removed to Wasco county (then embracing all of eastern Oregon) and settled upon a stock ranch near The Dalles, the only town in all of that vast extent of country, an area of over 60,000 square miles Mr. Donnell died in 1873, and soon after his widow left the farm and made her home in the town.

For fifty-six years Mrs. Donnell was a "beacon light" in the community in which she lived, as she was genuinely

loved and respected by all who ever came to know her. To her friends her wonderful vitality and unflagging interest in everything connected with the welfare of the community was a constant source of wonder. It almost seemed as if time had no power to dim or enfeeble the dauntless spirit which dwelt in her frail body. In social life she was the center of interest whenever present; in club life her ready wit and well stored mind were a source of delight; and in church life, where her never failing sympathy and responsive nature found its full expression, her place will be difficult to fill. To many of her friends in the Congregational Church of The Dalles, to which her life has been devoted, the absence of her sweet face in the front pew, will be a lasting sorrow which will come to them anew everytime they enter the church door.

Mrs. Donnell was one of the leading spirits in Oregon in favor of woman suffrage, and one of the proudest moments of her life was on November 3rd when she had the privilege of casting her first vote at a general election, and by so much aided in causing her county to go "dry."

On Thanksgiving Day Rev. John Foster had special services in the Hoodview Church, near Wilsonville, and twelve new members were added to the church.

Portland, November 29, 1914.

PROVIDENCE BAPTIST INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH.

A Living Church.

There are many active and successful churches in Los Angeles, but there are none which, considering the means at their disposal, meet the demand upon them more fully than the Providence Baptist Institutional Church

In the last few years Los Angeles has become a metropolis. Not only are people coming to this city from the Eastern States, but people of other languages and races are flocking here, and among them are the colored people from our Southern States, in ever increasing numbers. The estimates of their number vary, but 30,000 is that commonly given. They are not massed in any one part of the city, but are in several well defined colonies; their largest groups, however, are in the southeast and southwest parts of the city.

To minister to this large group of people a considerable number of churches were organized, of the conventional type found so generally in the southern states. But the conventional type of colored church does not succeed fully in meeting the needs of its constituency in Los Angeles, because it is modeled after the usual type of white churches. But while the white man or woman has a multitude of other interests, the colored man is limited because of the color line. The white man's church is only a part of his life; it is all in all to the black man. It is almost the only place where his manhood is taken at par.

About a year ago a young colored minister from Atlanta, the Rev. Alfred C. Williams, came to the city to work among the Baptist churches. He was a graduate in arts and divinity from Morehouse College in Atlanta, and had done graduate work in Columbia University in economics and sociology. He had a vision of a work that would be more than the ordinary church work He wanted to build an institution in which the colored man should find not only a religious home, but a social center, and an educational center. He soon was able to take charge of a small group of people, organizing them into a church, and in the very name of the church proclaiming his purpose and method of work. Now his church has increased to a membership of over a hundred, and a constituency much larger. It is housed in a comfortable building, which is admirably suited to the work the church is doing. And best of all, it has become a model to the less aggressive colored churches which preceded it in Los Angeles.

It was the writer's privilege to lecture to one of its societies a few days ago, and the activities of the church were surprising to him, when he thought of its newness. Beside the ordinary services of worship, and the Sunday school, every Tuesday night the Samuel Coleridge Taylor Literary Society meets—named in honor of a prominent colored musician—and beside an interesting program offers to its attendants the advantage of a singing class. The church also maintains a free employment bureau, a feature which is sorely needed among the poor of any city. But it is in the educational line that the church has made its greatest strides. A school of music has been organized, and is doing excellent work. At the present time it has three teachers and thirty-five students. Instruction is given in piano, voice, and the stringed instruments. A business class has been organized and is expected to develop rapidly. Twice a week also Bible study classes are held. A domestic science class is planned for the near future, and plans are now under way for the establishment of a men's club house.

There are plenty of other places where an equally good work has been built up in the course of several years, but this large work has been built up in less than one year, and with not a single cent of money from without the congregation. The Baptist Home Missionary Society has not been in a position to help, and Pastor Williams and his people have had none to depend upon save themselves.

In the great days that are upon us the Church of Jesus Christ will everywhere need men of foresight and energy, and no part of it more so than the colored section. The redemption of the colored race can be in no way furthered more profitably than by institutions of the type of this church. H. V. H.

THE PROPHETS OF THE SOUL.

The ministers and delegates attending the Washington Congregational Conference and Summer Assembly at Burton, last July, will ever remember the soul-stirring sermon preached on the Sunday morning by Rev. Lester L. West, D.D., of Everett. The theme was "The Prophets of the Soul, the Pioneers of Life." The following quotations will indicate the depth of thought and apt phrasing of this apostle of the truth. "How clearly and distinctly this man Abraham stands out before us! Like the horizons that lie all about us, he seems to attend all the generations as they come and pass!

"Above every other voice that ever spoke to him, he heard, clearly and distinctly, the voice of God. There is little doubt, of course, that he heard all the ordinary voices of life that are always sounding in our ears. He had heard the sweet and silent voices of the instincts and intuitions. He had heard the voices of self-interest and ambition, the high voices of truth and beauty and power, and all the chattering and clamoring tongues of the world. He had heard, again and again, the mean and miserable voices of the flesh as they surged up out of the lower deeps of his being. And no doubt, in more ways than one, and in various epochs of his life, he had listened, too, and obeyed them. But he had also heard the lofty voices of the ideal as they had swept down upon him from the cliffs and crags of the

upper world, and as they surged through his soul with their mighty messages of light and liberty." "But the superb distinction of this man was in this, that through all the clanging cries and discordant calls of his age, he heard, with unerring sureness, the voice of the infinite and eternal God." "Let us always know that it is the pioneers of life who go out, as this man did, not knowing whither they go—the pioneers of faith, who are the true spiritual explorers and discoverers of the deeper mysteries of being, and who thus going, find for us, and for the world, the real heights and deeps of the soul, and of that life that we are striving to live here on earth. So do they become the great benefactors and saviors of the race."

"This is the five-pointed star of the progress of the pioneering prophets of the soul—the urgency of the divine cal; the response of faith; the dwelling in tents; the refusal to return; and the search for the city of God. And these five are one, and this is life."

This sermon gives the title to a book of five sermons just published by the Young Ladies' Club of the Everett Church as a permanent memento of the fine pulpit ministry of Dr. West. The other sermons are. "The Angel of the Way of Life," "The Lost Chord," "Delight in the Law," and "The Cosmic Christ." Many of the books were placed by advance subscription, over two hundred coming from three former pastorates—Norwich, Conn.; Winona, Minn.; and Forth Dodge, Iowa. This in itself is a splendid tribute to the worth of the man. The volume is a work of art, and may be obtained for one dollar from Miss Eleanor Anderson, Denny Place, Everett, Wash. R. M. P.

The Home.

COURTESY TO CHILDREN.

Rob and Mab were playing "choo-choo." A long line of chairs stretched across the room, and Rob was stationed in the mail car, energetically throwing out and snatching in the mail bags. Mab, as passenger, sat with serene composure in a rear sleeper. Papa, coming into the room with the morning paper in his hand, innocently seated himself in one of the chairs.

"O, papa, that's the coal car! You're sitting right in the coal! You'll get all dirty!" exclaimed Rob in distress.

Mr. B——was intent on the paper, and paid no attention.

"Papa, papa, you're in the coal car! Get out quick!" Rob reiterated.

His father did not move, but said, decidedly: "No, no, Rob. You can't have all the chairs in the room to play with. Papa wants to sit here and read his paper." Whereupon this usually polite gentleman planted his feet in the cab of the engine had become immersed in politics.

No appeal was possible, and a very uncomfortable half-hour followed. The children's play was spoiled, the spell broken. The "choo-choo" of Rob's imagination was a wreck, and he had been thrown rudely back into a world where the combined duties of engineer, conductor, brakeman and mailman were no longer required of him. His restless activity, goaded into exercise by a latent sense of injustice, found vent in mischief. He snatched Mab's doll, demolished her block house, teased the baby and fretted inecssantly. Every diversion failed. Finally he was banished to the nursery by an indignant father. Mab followed, and a troubled silence reigned. At length Mr. B——dropped the now uninteresting paper, saying: "Of course that was a piece of mistaken management. I ought to have taken a passenger's ticket on the train, and so secured the privilege of reading my paper in peace."

"Or the children would have been delighted if you had expressed conternation over the supposed damage to your coat," suggested his wife.

"To be sure. Instead I was distinctly rude to the poor babies, and spoiled their happy play."

"You are usually considerate,' said his wife, apologetically, "but it is hard to be consistent in these things. I shall be tripping next."

And she did. It happened in this way Rob was busy with pencil and paper. When he needed a rubber he went to his mother and asked for one, but she was busy and apparently did not even hear the repeated request. At length Rob began to fret. Her attention thus secured, Mrs. B—— confiscated pencil and paper as a punishment for peevishness, saying: "If Rob had asked pleasantly mamma would have been glad to give him the rubber.'

Even as she spoke, however, by a curious flash of memory and conscience, she recalled the first request and its subsequent repetition. Gathering the surprised child into her arms, she exclaimed: "Excuse mamma, Rob! I remember now that you did ask pleasantly at first, and mamma was so busy that she did not really hear."

Upon another ocasion Mrs. B—— had the pleasure of proving the value of tact and consideration. The children were again steaming across country behind an imaginary locomotive, when she disturbed them by unexpected and highly inappropriate kisses.

"Why, mamma, we're playing choo-choo, and going all the way to New York!" exclaimed Rob.

Realizing her mistake, the mother asked instantly, "But won't you kiss mamma good-by?"

This was satisfactory, and the children lifted eager faces in farewell. A few moments later, however, mamma again forgot the game and sat down upon the couch which served as a train. The immediate outcry was promptly heeded, but when the train "slowed up," in approaching the next station, she boarded it with all due formalities, calling forth shouts of appreciation from the little people. Then they had a happy ride through fields and woods, over bridges and through towns, till Rob's quick eyes saw in the glow and blaze of the open wood fire the "lights of the great city in the distance." (A delightful play of the imagination!)

Children appreciate courtesy shown them by grown people, and they also notice a failure in politeness on the part of those with whom they come in contact. One afternoon Rob fairly burst into tears because a gentleman who was calling at the house failed in a simple act of courtesy.

"He didn't say good-by to Rob," lamented the child. The same afternoon we went to call upon a friend, and when we took leave our host followed us to the door and called, "Good-by, Rob!" After we had left the house the little fellow's face was radiant.

"He did say good-by to Rob!" he soliloquized gleefully, and with an emphasis that indicated plainly his remembrance of the former omission. Upon another occasion the children went to the post office and a working man opened the heavy door for them.

"That is a nice man," said Rob, "he opened the door for Mab and Rob."

In my study of children I am constantly discovering new directions in which this simple oil of courtesy may be useful. When making a demand upon the services of a child,

for instance, one soon learns to avoid a sudden interruption of some absorbing occupation. A slight warning is easily given as, "Rob, when your horse is put up in the barn will you hand mamma that book from the table?" or, "Will Mab call nurse for mamma when dollie is put to bed?"

Children are so imitative that the surest way of teaching them good manners lies in the constant practice of politiness in dealing with them, and it may also be said, incidentally, that they are especially quick in reproducing the bearing of their elders towards servants and dependents.A child's intuition is sure, however, and his imitation always goes deeper than the external act, reaching to the inner thought and intention. He may fail in reproducing the graceful manner or courteous speech if it is not sincere, but will never fail to divine and grow up into the real spirit of those about him.—Dorothea Bird.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF LIFE.

I might as well be dead," complained a woman who had gone to live in a small town, to her cousin who had been brought up with her in the city. "John is away at work all day, and I don't know many of the neighbors, and they're all wrapped up in their homes and husbands and children. There aren't any concerts or plays or good times, and not a single store in the place to go shopping in. I'm acustomed to a larger life, and I can't stand this narrow, shut-in feeling."

The cousin, a person of some wit, reflected "You're really just finding out, Julia, how narrow your life has always been", she replied.' N'ow is your chance to enlarge it."

"To enlarge it!" cried Julia, choking with astonishment. "Jean Evans, if you could live in Smithville for one week —"

"I'd feel the way you do," remarked Jean soothingly. "But honestly, Julia, it isn't Smithville that's the trouble —it's you and me. Don't you see, we've always expected the city to do our living for us—to give us music, and amusement, and friends and a good time We don't even buy for ourselves the thing we really need—we go to a department store and let the bargain counter choose for us what we shall spend our money on. I read somewhere the other day that life is what we are alive to. So when we feel we might as well be dead, it's our own fault."

There was a deal of truth in her analysis of the siuation. Life is a very individual business No two people in the same circumstances ever make just the same sized life for themselves. It is all a matter of being more or less alive—of having "reactions" to this and that thing, as science would put it. Life can be narrow in a palace—as witness a thousand dull royalities of history, the world over—or large in a hut, as Epictetus and Diogenes and Thoreau and Joan of Arc and countless other large-lived individualities have proved it. To be alive to things is the test—the things themselves are of relatively small importance.

Some men and women are alive to opportunity, for example. They see it where to other eyes it is non-existent. They make fortunes where others starved before them. They win friends where others are lonely and complaining. They are all alive to the passing moment, the chance that fades too quickly for the rest to notice it at all. No life can be narrow to such spirits, and their opportunities enlarge every day. Fortune attends them, men say; they are born lucky. But really fortune sorts out to them, with equal hand, just about as many opportunities as other people born on the same day, and attends on them because of their own attention to things.

Narrow lives, half-dead instead of vividly alive, are the result of deadness of spirit, not circumstances The way that a human being can narrow vital interests is a standing wonder to the broad-minded. There are men and women who live to three score and ten without admitting a single new idea after 20; who are dead to art, dead to good literature, dead to music, dead to sociology, dead to missions, dead to invention and science. Religion means to them only a certain church building and sect. Charity means only giving a little money to an organization which protects them, so to speak, from the poor. Work and family affection are the only channels of life to them, and while those two great vital things do keep the heart and the mind alive, the rest of all the varied experiences that humanity may have by being alive to them are missed.

There are women who are alive only to the department store and the matinee, outside of their home life (if a childless abode in flat or boarding house or apartment be called by courtesy "home)). There are men alive only to business, and girls alive only to frivolity and flirtation. "I do not sorrow so much," said one wise and tender philosopher, "over what men suffer as over what they miss." The narrowness of life, its monotony, its disappointments, its bitterness, are man's own choice. The larger life lies always around each individual, ready to be lived and enjoyed. Life's border can be enlarged at will—but by good will not self-will.

That is the root of the matter. Narrowness begins by shutting up life to what a man likes and what suits him best. Enlargement begins by going out of self to some better thing, some wider way. "Nothing human is foreign to me"—is the saying of an old master in life. A child reading the story of Zaccheus the other day remarked thoughtfully: "Jesus got along with everybody, didn't he?" The universality of Christ's appeal to good and bad, rich and poor, may well be a lesson in the "life more abundant" which he came to bring. We are all called to the abundant life, though we have but a crust of bread to share. Life begins to broaden whenever we can do a kindness, learn a lesson, win a friend, recognize an opportunity—and no village is too small, no life too obscure, for such unselfish widening of the daily way.—Priscilla Leonard.

For The Children.

LAMP CHIMNEYS AND ARITHMETIC.

"Mother," said Ethel, "why do you always clean that lamp chimney first? I thought you said it was the hardest one of all to clean."

"It is the hardest," said mother with a smile, "and that is the very reason why I always try to clean it first."

"But—" began Ethel, and then she stopped.

She was sitting beside the kitchen table dressing a doll, and watching mother at the same time. She liked to see the dim, sometimes smoky-looking chimneys become clear and shining as they were rubbed with the soft, crumpled paper.

Mother waited for Ethel to finish her sentence, but as she did not, said at length: "You see, this chimney is so tall and slender that it is hard to get my hand inside, or to rub it its full length; if I should do all the easy chimneys

first, I might spend the whole time I was cleaning those in dreading the harder chimney. You know they say that 'dreading is often worse than doing,' so just think how much worse it would be to put it off."

Mother's eyes were smiling while she talked, and Ethel knew very well of what she was thinking. It had been only a few minutes before that she had said to her mother: "O dear, I do so dread to study that arithmetic lesson. I'll study my spelling first." After the spelling had been studied she had put off the arithmetic lesson a little longer, while she dressed her doll.

Ethel put Evangeline's cap on very carefully and slowly as mother finished speaking, but when she began tying her cap strings she did it with quick little jerks. "Evan- PACIFIC AH 7890$ 12345 7890$ .. .. THREE geline," she said, holding the doll up before her, "I am going straight off to study my arithmetic lesson, and don't you dare to call me away from it."

THE NAUGHTY COLT.

"I shall go this way," said a young black colt who was out on the moor. And he looked down the road.

"No, no," said a horse, who was close by. "You must stop on the moor."

"Why? Why must I stop?" asked the colt.

"I cannot tell," said the horse. "I have been told by an old horse to stay, and so I shall."

"I don't care," said the colt; and off he went.

By and by the he met an old mare at an inn door. "What are you here for?" asked she.

"I have come out for a bit of fun," said the colt.

"But you should not," said the mare. "You are not fit to go out in the world. You have no shoes on."

"I don't care," said the colt, and he kicked his heels up to show that he did not mind what the old mare said. But the mare was a mare of few words, and she said no more.

Then he went on down the road. He met a mule with a pack on his back. The mule shook his head at the colt.

"You shouldn't be here," he said. "The town is close by."

"I dont care," said the colt; and he tore on.

Right on through the town he went. He had not been in a town in all his life, and the noise and the sight of all the men made him feel quite mad. He tore here and he tore there, while men and boys ran to catch him and threw stones, and cried out at him, all up and down the streets.

At last, in a great sheet of glass, he saw what he thought was a young colt, and he ran up to ask it what he should do, and how he could get back to the moor. Of course it was not a colt, but his own self, that he saw in the glass.

The glass cut him when he dashed at it, and he fell down. And then he was caught.

"Why, that is my young colt off the moor," said a man who just came up. "These are his tricks, are they? He must have a great clog of wood tied to his feet then."

So he was led back, with his head cut and his feet sore; and he had to stump back from spot to spot with a clog tied to his feet. He did not say, "I don't care," then.—The Nursery.

THE CONQEROR.

He who treads in the van,
  However the torrent blows,
He who strives as he can
  And counts not the horde of his foes,
He who deems him a man
  And fearless his deeming shows,
Needs neither fear nor plan.

Just to walk in the throng
  Up on the hills or down,
Just to trust and be strong,
  Never to know a frown,
But head up, striding along,
  To wear a smile for a crown,
And for scepter, a song.

—Bernard Westermann.

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In a country town in northern Pennsylvania there lives a little old man who sells milk, carrying it from house to house morning and evening in a small hand-cart. There is nothing strange about that, but his companion on these daily trips is the very strangest you ever heard of—an old gray goose, who follows him about in the most dignified manner, and stands watch over the cart, letting no one go near it in his master's absence. His name is Major, and his master says that he is just as useful as a dog would be.

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